As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his owne.
To euill should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne,
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testifie.
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued.
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
with the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gane, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her this best perfections

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her though the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men

Her face the booke of praises, were as read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were euer rackt, and testy wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue
That haue enaflm'd desire in my brest,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
[Or die in the aduenture] be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*

Ant. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, intices thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine;
And which without desert because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of starres,
Heere they stand martyrs, slaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortallity to know it selfe,
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it error:
Ile make my will then, and as sicke men do,
Who know the world, see heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should do